Qu. Say then who doest thou meane shall be her King ?
King. Euen he that makes her Queene, who should else?
Qu. What thou ?
King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it Maddam ?
Qu. How canst thou woe her ?
King. That I would learne of you,
As one that were best aquainted with her humor,
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me ?
King. Maddam with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers:
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and *Yorke*, then happily she will weepe,
Therefore present to her, as sometimes *Margret*
Did to my Father, a handkercheffe steept in *Rutlands* blood:
And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a story of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'st away her vnckle *Clarence*,
Her Vncle *Riuers*, yea and for her sake
Madest quicke conueyance with her good Aunt *Anne*.
King, Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To winne your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnlesse thou couldest put on some other shape,
And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.
King. Inferre faire *Englands* peace by his alliance.
Qu. Which she shall purchace with still lasting warre.
King. Say that the King which may command, intreats.
Qu. That at her hands which the Kings king forbid.
King. Say she shall be a high and mighty Queene.
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.
King. Say I will loue her euerlastingly.
Qu. But how long shall that title euer last ?
King. Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end,
Qu. But how long fairely shall that title last ?
King. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as hell and *Richard* likes of it.
King. Say I her Soueraigne am her subiect loue.
Qu. But she your subiect loths such Soueraignty.

Kin. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qu. An honest tale speeds best being plainel
Kin. Then in plaine termes tell her my louing
Qu. Plaine, and not honest is to harsh a stile
Kin. Maddam your reasons are too shallo
Qu. O no, my reasons are to deepe and dead
Too deepe and dead poore infants in their grau
Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings break
Kin. Now by my George, my Garter, and my C
Qu. Prophan'd, dishonou'd, and the third vsu
Kin. I sweare by nothing.
Qu. By nothing, for this is no oath,
The George prophan'd, hath lost his holy hono
The Garter blemisht, pawn'd his Knightly ver
The Crowne vsurpt disgrac't his Kingly dignity
If nothing thou wilt sweare to be belieued,
Sweare then by something that thou hast not w
Kin. Now by the world.
Qu. Tis full of thy foule wrongs.
Kin. My fathers death.
Qu. Thy selfe hath that dishonour'd.
Kin. Then by my selfe.
Qu. Thy selfe, thy selfe misused.
Kin. Why then by God.
Qu. Gods wrong is most of all:
If thou hadst fear'd, to breake an oath by him
The vnity the King thy brother made,
Had not beene broken, nor my brother slaine.
If thou hadst fear'd to breake an oath by him,
The imperiall mettall circling now my brow,
Had grac't the tender temples of my child,
And both the Princes had beene breathing her
Which now two tender playfellows for dust
Thy broken faith had made a prey for wormes
Kin. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou hast wrong'd, in time orepa
For I my selfe haue many teares to wash
Hereafter time for time, by the past wrong'd,
The children liue, whose parents thou hast sla